

VOICE OF ALABAMA SHOWS FALLING OFF

Democrats Alarmed Over
Dwindling Vote.

POLL TAX IS REACTIONARY

Prevents Whites as Well as Blacks
From Exercising the Right
of Suffrage.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 30.—In their eagerness to disfranchise the negro and at the same time insure purity at elections, the makers of the new constitution of Alabama threw so many restrictions around the suffrage that it is now apparent that a very large number of white people have been deprived of their votes, and this number will increase every year. Democrats leaders are suggesting the advisability of amending the suffrage provision of the constitution so far as it relates to the paying of a poll tax as a prerequisite of voting.

The new constitution of Alabama has been in effect slightly more than two years. One election has been held since its adoption.

At that election 47,000 white men were disfranchised because they had neglected to pay their poll tax. Under the constitution the poll tax must be paid not only for the current year, but also for every year since the adoption of the constitution to entitle a citizen to vote.

The Poll Tax.
The poll tax in Alabama is \$1.50 a year. The man who fails to pay one year must therefore pay \$1.50 the next year if he intends to vote. If he should fail to pay for two years, the third year he must pay \$4.50, and so on.

It is now generally agreed that this cumulative poll tax will result in a constantly increasing number of disfranchisements.

How the restrictions thrown around the exercise of the suffrage are working to decrease the number of voters is shown by a comparison of the population of Alabama with the number of those entitled to vote. By the census of 1900 Alabama had a population of 1,828,697, of whom 1,001,352 were whites and 827,345 negroes.

Life Certificate Holders.
Under the registration plan provided for by the new constitution, 184,472 life certificates. These life certificates are of no value, however, unless poll taxes are paid yearly. Of the total registration, 181,492 are whites and 2,980 are negroes.

The first election held under the new constitution was that in November, 1902, for governor and other State officers. The effect of the suffrage provision was immediately apparent, as at that election only 67,740 votes were cast for the Democratic candidate, and 24,190 for the Republican candidate, making a total of 91,930. This was practically a white vote.

Failure to Pay Tax.
It is plain that if 47,000 white men—and the estimate is conservative—failed to pay their poll tax to vote in 1902, at least as many more will fail to pay for the two years that will have elapsed by the next election. There being no election last year, the incentive to pay poll tax was very small and it is exceedingly likely that the total disfranchisement for non-payment of poll tax by February 1 of this year, after which time no poll tax can be paid until the November election is held, will reach 100,000.

Falling Off in Eligibles.
A great many observers of political events declare that if this poll tax provision is not changed, in ten years there will be less than 50,000 eligible voters in Alabama, notwithstanding the increase in population. While it was intended to restrict the suffrage, the makers of the constitution certainly had no conception of the practical workings of the plan.

The white people of Alabama are very much opposed to an aristocratic electorate, which would be the result of this. Therefore, mutterings are being heard on all sides.

No Relief in Sight.

Bad as the situation is, there is no possible relief until the meeting of the next Legislature, four years hence, when it is certain that a strong fight will be made to amend the constitution. The present law appeals to a certain class of men in the State who are rejoiced to see a restricted electorate, as it insures them power, and there is no likelihood of any amendment of the constitution until the next Legislature.

PRESIDENT MAY ATTEND BACHELOR CLUB DINNER

Waukegan Organization Invites Him
and Representative Foss—Members
Who Are Fathers of Twins.

The President and Representative Foss of Illinois today received an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the Waukegan Bachelor's Club, at which time a gold medal will be presented to Theodore H. Durst, cashier of the Security Savings Bank of Waukegan, and a former member of the club, because he is the father of twins.

Many years ago the club was organized with twenty-five members, with a provision in the by-laws that each year one of their number—to be determined by lot—should be compelled to marry. Mayor W. W. Pierce of Waukegan, then president of the club, offered a gold medal to the first member to become the father of twins. Singularly enough, he became that man himself.

The club waited for years, and finally Durst drew the card obliging him to marry. Recently his wife presented him with twins.

Mr. Foss is invited to the dinner, not because the affair takes place in his district, but because he is the proud father of twins himself, although he is not a member of the club.

The President is invited because of his well-known position upon the question of large families. Both the President and Mr. Foss hope to be able to attend the dinner.

RESIGNS FROM THE ARMY.

First Lieut. Frank E. Lyman, Jr., of the Signal Corps, has submitted his resignation to the War Department. He is leaving the service to accept the managing editorship of the "Des Moines Daily News," a position he has held for several months while on leave of absence.

Night Staff Evolves Some Peculiar Pipes

When Thieves Are Idle "Coppers" Sleep on
Beats, and Reporters' and Stationhouse
Attaches' Brains Work Overtime.

A dull night at Police Headquarters is not necessarily devoid of interest. There is always present a good-sized staff, including the detective on office duty, the sergeant in charge, the clerks, the bureau operators, and half a dozen newspaper reporters, and between them they manage to make existence worth while.

On ordinary nights this force is kept busy taking care of the various reports which come in from the different sections of the city. But once in a while there comes a night when there is "nothing doing," and then the ingenuity of the crowd is taxed to pass the hours, for the fact that something is liable to "break loose" at any moment prevents anyone leaving.

A Veteran's Tale.

On such a night as this last week, six pairs of feet were elevated to the top of the various desks in the reporters' room, and clouds of smoke were sent ceilingward, while the veteran launched into reminiscence:

"Speaking of 'pipe dreams,' you youngsters never settle the thing. Now there was the 'Red Devil' story. Some twelve years ago, when I was on the staff of a metropolitan daily, a man in one of New York's foreign colonies accumulated a glorious bun, and by way of diversion, goes home and kills his wife and half a dozen children in a truly ghastly manner. It was a peach of a murder story, without any trimmings, but it got the trimming all right."

"The night of the murder two of the boys on the staffs of what were then the Gotham yellows felt a strong inclination to 'huddle' and at the same time make good with a rattling beat. Just how to do this they had not figured out, and in order to stimulate their thinking, they took an adjournment to the nearest barroom. On the way there they chanced to pass a curio shop, in the window of which were displayed a number of rattling beat devices, sitting on their forked tails, formerly much in use as paperweights. An inspiration came to one of the fellows and he entered the shop and purchased one of the toys for a trifling sum. Returning to the police station they made some excuse for a second examination of the effects of the murderer, in the course of which they managed to secrete with them the grinning devil."

A Wonderful Story.

"Adjournment was then taken to one of those booze shops where there are tables and a chance to scribble while the lagger is trotted to your elbows, where they proceeded to evolve a wonderful story of devil worship, and the straits to which it had brought Mr. Murderer. The story made good, and the next day was spread all over the first page of their respective papers, with appropriate illustrations, representing his satanic majesty perched upon the mantelpiece, with conventional background of wreathing smoke, while, in the foreground, the desperate criminal knelt in adoration."

"Of course, it was a beautiful beat on the other fellows, and, as investigation showed the red devil actually among the effects, the story stood alone, and these rascals were commended and had their salaries raised, while all the rest of the bunch were cursed for a lot of leatherheads, who did not know a story when they saw it."

Coggie Got Busy.

"Gee, it's slow tonight," said another of the gang, when the laugh had subsided, then turning to Coghill, the bureau operator, said "Coggie, hustle something off the wire, or we shall all die of softening of the brain, and our papers will be cheated out of the amounts of our respective salaries."

"All right," said Coghill, "I'll see what I can dig up for you." Going to his little caddyhole, he presently returned and solemnly filed a slip on the incidental hook.

"Something doing at last," said all with a score, making simultaneous grabs for the slip of paper. This is what they read, and Coghill's contribution to the fun of the evening:

"About 1 this p. m., an altercation took place between a leather-headed bulldog and a castron-jawed tomat, both colored, and residing on Fidler's

Green. The bulldog had both eyes plucked out, and hide torn from his head, two legs and eighteen ribs broken. Thomas had both ears chewed off and his left shoulder fractured. Both were removed to the Veterinary Hospital in a wheelbarrow, and on recovery will have to answer to the dual charge of disturbing the peace of a next-door neighbor, and the larceny of seven shoes and a broom, which were thrown at them to make them stop their racket."

Equal to Occasion.

When this remarkable report had been digested, one of the boys whose "Old Man," as the city editor is everywhere called by newspaper men, is of a decent sort, took the slip to his typewriter, and began to hammer out a story. While the rest looked over his shoulder and suggestions, he wrote the alleged assault with all proper details, and duly sent it up to the office, just to afford a bit of amusement at the desk.

Then conversation drifted back to "pipe dreams," and one of the youngest reporters took up the challenge of the veteran. The younger generation knew nothing of this class of fake stories.

"You old chaps think there are no more good pipes, just as you think everything else has deteriorated, but even I have seen one or two good ones. I learned the business in a seaport town not a thousand miles from here, where the marine man was an important adjunct. One night everything was dead, and some cousin of your red devil put it into his cocoanut to pipe up a yarn."

"The one he evolved was not half bad. It told of the arrival the night before of a well-known vessel plying out of that town, with a sick sailor on board. The man had been conveyed to a leading hospital, where it was reported that he had been hypnotized by a shipmate, who had given him the suggestion that he was on fire inside. Before this suggestion could be removed, the hypnotist had been carried overboard in a storm and drowned, leaving his mate under the painful delusion. Jackie had drunk up all the fresh water on the ship, and then had taken to drinking salt water, with the result that when he reached port he was in a horrible condition. The report wound up by stating that since his arrival at the hospital he had drunk twenty-eight glasses of ice water, by actual count. That story cost the reporter his job."

A Real Good Joke.

"He was not the only one to get the bounce for this reason," said another chap, lighting his cigarette, "for it was just such a story that you owe the felicity of my company tonight."

"I was doing police in another town, and dropped into a police station one night where there was just about as much doing as there is here tonight. We got to spinning yarns, and the sergeant sprang one which I spotted for a good story, and wrote it, giving the name and address of a copper I thought would stand for it. The boss thought it good enough for a first-pager, and the telegraph editor sold it to half-a-dozen out-of-town papers."

"Briefly the story was that the family of the policeman had been gladdened by the arrival of a brand-new baby and saddened by the death of the poll parrot. Polly had been a bright bird, and strong on imitation. The baby's cries were a new note to Polly, and she copied them. After three days the bird dropped dead, and the opinion given in the story, with medical authority quoted, was that death had been due to heart failure, induced by overexcitement."

Good for Another Job.

"The main trouble with the story was that Mr. Copper had been married for twenty years, and had never had either a baby or a parrot—complications I had not figured on. The next morning Mrs. Copper got to the office before the paper was dry, having, on reliable authority, touched nothing but the spit of the cathedral and the roof of the city hall en route. I was just about as long in getting to the office after the Old Man got through with me, and found myself with abundant opportunity to come to Washington and hunt a job."

By and by, one by one, the gang put on their coats and went home—or elsewhere.

CHARGED WITH INSANITY

Fred Hawkins Is Causing the Officials
of Butte All Kinds of
Trouble.

BUTTE, Mont., Jan. 30.—The county jail is at present the temporary abode of a man charged with insanity who seems inclined to starve himself. The man's name is Fred Hawkins, according to the jail register, and he was brought to the jail yesterday by Officer White of the police force.

Hawkins is an old man, and he has a long, gray, patriarchal beard reaching to his waist, and giving him a most venerable appearance. He does not look very strong, and appears to be in bad health.

Does Not Take Food.
Last evening he refused to eat any dinner, and this morning he sidestepped his breakfast. In the opinion of the jailers, he will not last long unless he changes his tactics in this respect.

"The only thing he'd have," said a jailer, "was a cup of coffee. He wouldn't eat a bite of anything. He's up in one of the upper corridors, and he is quiet enough, but he won't eat."

Coffee is rather a slim regimen upon which to sustain life, although it is reported that a man who had dyspepsia ate nothing for forty days, and drank only hot water, and came out cured at the end of that period. Whether or not Hawkins is attempting a variation of this cure is not known, but the jailers at the county jail have no faith in his coffee diet.

SEEK IMMIGRATION PLAN TO SUIT TWO COUNTRIES

Negotiations are now pending between the United States and Mexico whereby European immigration into both countries may be accomplished on a common basis.

A special agent has been sent to Mexico from the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Commerce and Labor, for the purpose of effecting such an arrangement. The agent is Marcus Brain who bears credentials from Secretary Cortesou, and whose duty it will be to facilitate this plan, which, it is believed, will prove of much satisfaction to both governments.

WILL STUDY TURBINES.

Rear Admiral George W. Melville, retired, sailed for Europe last week to begin an exhaustive study of turbine machinery.

HE WANTS TO DIE OF STARVATION

Inmate of Montana Jail
Refuses to Eat.

FLOOD DELUGES PORT DEPOSIT

Water Rushes Through
Streets of the Town.

TRAFFIC AT A STANDSTILL

Railroad Tracks Submerged and Mary-
landers See No Relief
in Sight.

PORT DEPOSIT, Jan. 30.—The river has risen two feet since early this morning, and the water is rushing in the yards and cellars in a heavy stream. The street from Brauer's shoe-shops as far as the Port Deposit Store Company's store is flooded about two feet, including the railroad. It has surrounded the railroad station, and is running on both sides.

The people are walking from one end of the town to the other, and feel that relief is not in sight, owing to the cold weather, snow, and ice. The river is full and packed solid to the bottom. It has no outlet except through the street. The flooded condition will continue until the weather moderates.

Traffic is stopped. The only train through today was the one known as the Gilligan, which was due here at 6:45 a. m. There has been no other train since, with the exception of one between Perryville and Bank Station, and there is no telling how soon these tracks will be covered by water.

The railroad company refuses to sell round-trip tickets between the two points. It is reported that the river has fallen at Creswell, near Columbia.

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CHINAWARE

Fine decorated Chinaware was sel-
dom or never quoted at prices as little.
Beginning at 10c instead of 15c for
pretty cups and saucers, ending at 80c
for \$15 Game Sets.

Cups and Saucers, 15c kind, 10c value.
Cups and Saucers, values up to 12c.
Plates, some worth 25c, 12c.
Pen Trays, 35c value, 15c.
Teapot Stands, 35c value, 15c.
Saucer Bowls, 35c value, 15c.
Sugar and Cream Sets, 50c val., 35c.
Tea Strainers, 40c value, 20c.
Candlesticks, 40c value, 20c.
Fish and Game Plates, 65c val., 40c.
Comb and Brush Trays, 50c val., 30c.

Syrup Jugs, with saucer, 95c value.
Milk Jars, with Saucer, 95c val., 60c.
Cracker Jars, 95c value, 50c.
Chocolate Pots, \$1.98 value, \$1.25.
Chocolate Sets, 14 pieces, \$3.50 sets.
Fish Sets, 8 pieces, were \$3.25, \$2.25.
Fish Sets, 12 pieces, \$10.98 sets, \$6.00.
Game Sets, 12 pieces, \$8.49 sets, \$6.00.
Game Sets, 12 pieces, \$14.98 sets, \$9.00.
Ice Cream Sets, 12 pieces, \$3.49 set.

Only 35c for Incandescent outfit, comprising burner, mantle, shade, and chimney. 89c for set of Mrs. Pott's Sadirons, including 3 irons, stand, and handle. The only food cutter with steel knives—the "Ideal"—here at only 85c. Basement floor, per stairway or elevator.

Decorations in blue, brown, green, and pink. Artistic in shape, ample in size; a set well worth \$2.50, for only \$1.79. Basement floor.

Engraved Tumblers, 5c.
Plain Tumblers, thin, 3c.
Water Pitchers, usually 19c, 12c.
Jelly Cake Stands, usually 35c, 25c.
Fruit Bowls, usually 19c, 12c.
Fruit Bowls, footed, 25c value, 19c.
Flower Vases 13-inch, for, 12c.
Celery Trays, usually 25c, 15c.
Lemon Juice Extractors, for, 5c.
Punch Bowls, revolving, for, \$1.98.
Punch Cups, 50c doz. Each, 5c.

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